

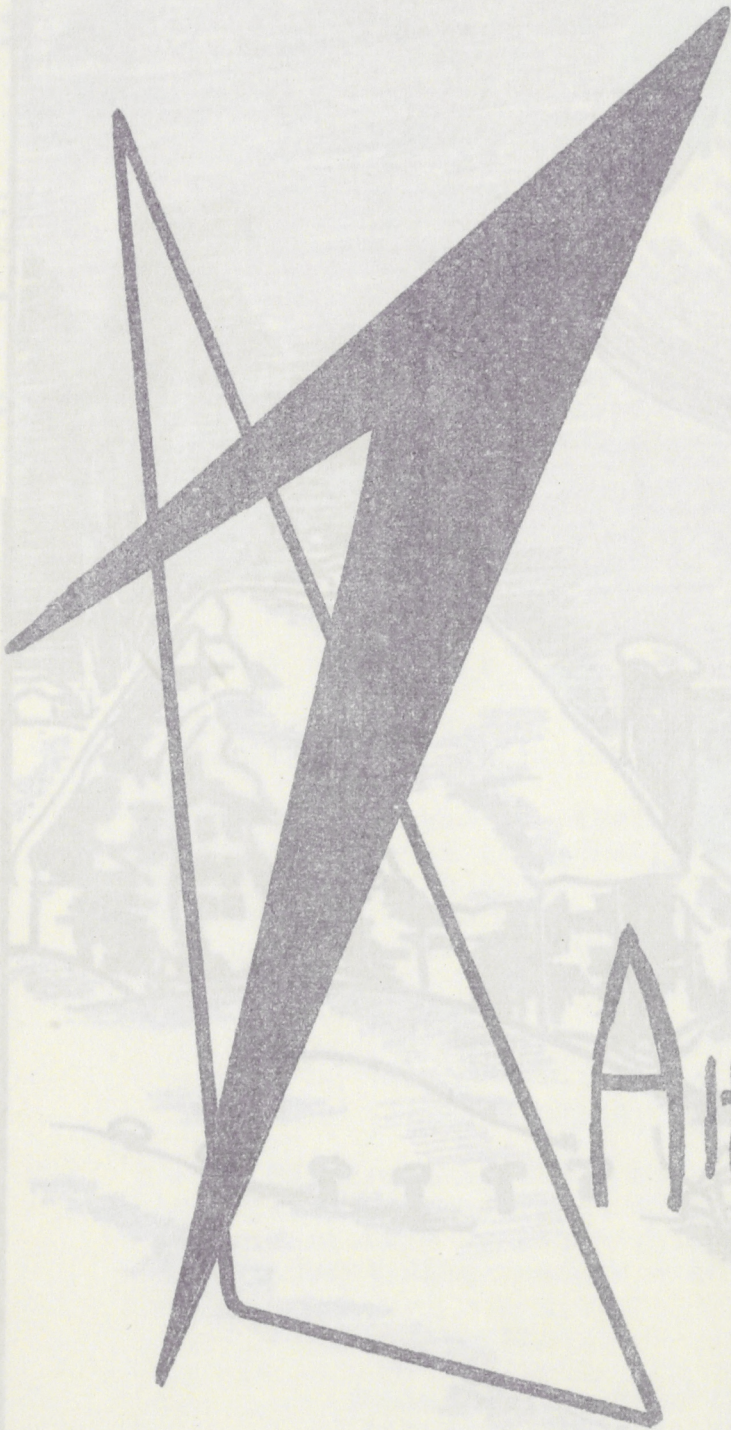
Grant Thiessen



Altona Collegian

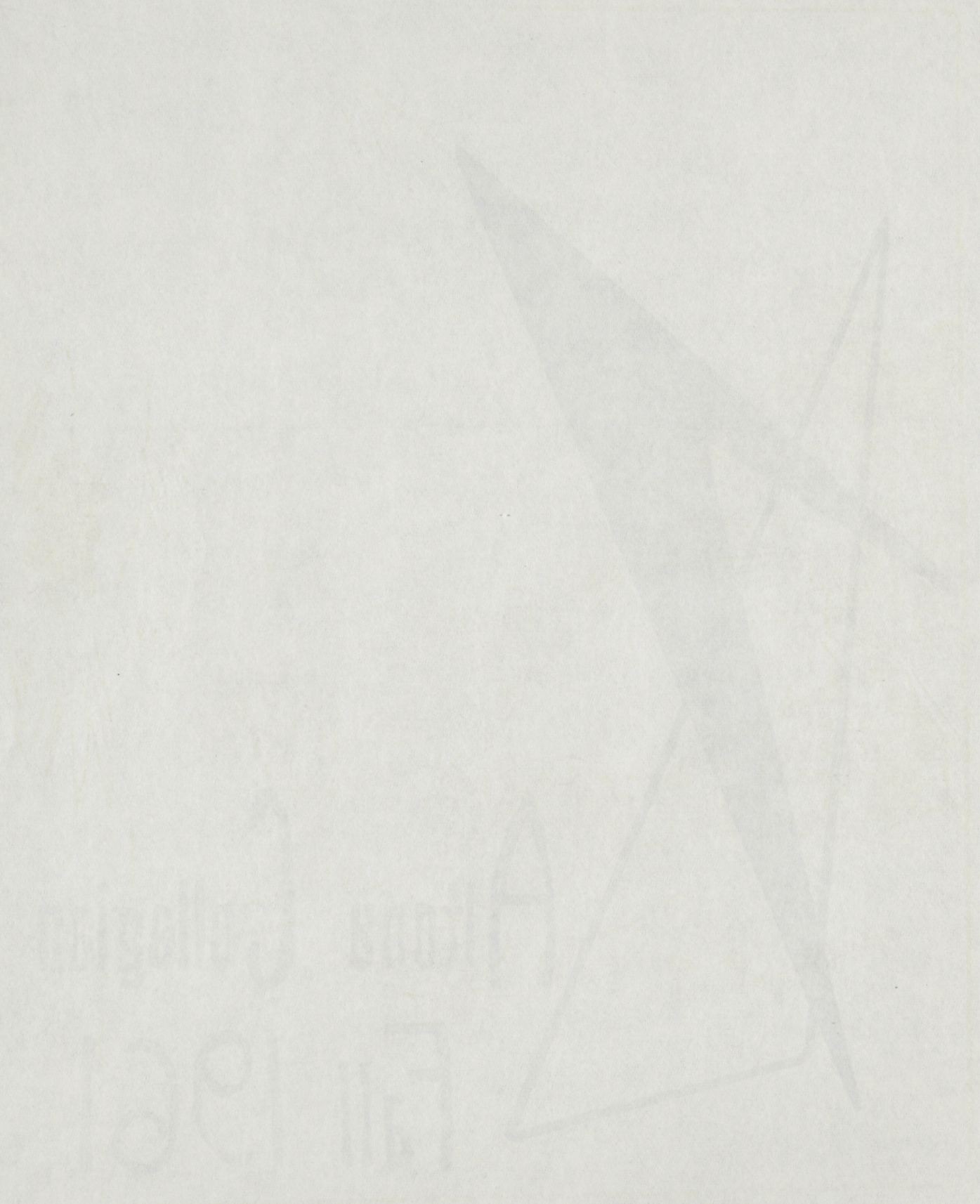
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J. GRANT THIESSEN
ALTONA, MANITOBA



Altona Collegian
Fall, 1961

J. GRANT THIESSEN
ATONA, MANITOBA





EDITORIAL

It has recently been brought to my attention that segregation is a problem in our Collegiate. In view of this fact, it is not surprising that school spirit is also a rather "sore point". We are certainly not an isolated case. Segregation is a problem which confronts every individual. In the past, the world has been repeatedly disrupted by it and, unless conditions change, it is likely to shatter all the cherished plans and dreams of our miserable race.

This prediction is based on the fact that man seems to be deliberately alienating all his friends. He seems to prefer solitude--a solitude which drives him crazy. He realizes that he cannot live a happy life alone; yet he is unconsciously striving to do so. All of the students--in any collegiate--live in a world of their own; they dream their own dreams and think their own thoughts. Your neighbour's world differs so vastly from your world, that he is, in a sense, isolated from you. Matters are further complicated, however, if you refuse to tolerate his opinions or to recognize the value of his "world".

In high school, segregation is no longer just a matter of--"I'm better than Johnny because my papa's a banker and his a parson." It becomes a question of intelligence, taste, and refinement. A young man with limited intellectual resources may find himself shut out by his friends and may deem it necessary to become active in sports in order to gain the popularity which he desires so intensely. A girl with an unattractive personality is equally unfortunate.

If we are ever to attain integration, there will have to be an increase in love for some of us, and an increase in faith for most of us. Dr. Frank Crane writes: "You may be deceived if you trust too much, but you will live in torment if you do not trust enough."

* * * * *

Collegian Staff

Editor - Magdalene Falk
Assistant editor - Wallace Hamm
Secretary treasurer - Dolores Braun
Advertising manager - Eric Friesen

Sub editors:

Social news - Beverly Porter
Literary - Gloria Friesen
Art - Carol Pokrant
Sports - Pete Wiebe
- Esther Toews

THE SCHOOL SPIRIT

Much has been said on the topic of school spirit. This controversial subject seems to incite people at various times. Personal opinions are only relative and must be viewed in the light of the goals the individual sets for himself. The view point of the majority dictates what is good and what is bad.

The fable about the fiddling grasshopper and the busy ants could be used to illustrate the point. The grasshopper was desirous of having fellow companions to fiddle and sing as fancy struck them. He considered the busy ants as lacking in the spirit of good fellowship, because they would not fraternize with him.

The ants, on the other hand, reminded the grasshopper that summer was no time to be frittered away in singing and fiddling. He was also reminded that summer was a preparatory period for a severe season ahead. Obviously the grasshopper and the ant had different points of view and, as this difference could not be resolved, each carried on in his own peculiar manner.

Winter came and found the ants well prepared. What happened to the grasshopper? He lamented the gross waste of time as well as the fact that he was woefully unprepared for the realistic situation in which he found himself.

It seems to me that this fable is peculiarly applicable to school life. If attendance at school means mere social fellowship and a general place to stay until something better turns up, it is reasonable to assume that the generally industrious members of our school body lack school spirit. If, however, the aim of attendance is an honest attempt to learn and to prepare for the future to the best of the individual's ability, many of the activities as well as proposed activities are merely "fiddling the summer away."

It seems to me that we are fiddling when we become oblivious to acquiring a solid, academic education. The idea of "progressive education"--frills and fancies which have been imported into this country--are detrimental to the development of our students. Enough sports activities are sponsored by the school to balance the arduous task of learning the academic subject matter.

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From my point of view, good school spirit exists when the students and the staff are genuinely interested in developing the students' potential. This can, however, be done only under the guidance of the staff with full co-operation from the students. It means working together in harmony without back-biting, bickering and jockeying for individual or group favoritism. This means keeping our goal fully in mind and not allowing petty issues to interfere with a solid, united effort to develop the individual's academic potential--the prime purpose of our school system. Disharmony in the student body or staff is destructive and any group or individual guilty of this offence must shoulder the blame of disrupting good school spirit.

In order that everything may work harmoniously, although not always to one's liking, a system of government has been established. It is each individual's responsibility to acquaint himself with his rights and privileges under the system and not usurp powers and privileges not delegated to him. If an individual oversteps his rights he must expect to be reprimanded and punished. This is the law of every government.

I would like to take this opportunity to tell the students that I know that we have good school spirit. The small incidents that have happened are to be expected and are by no means insurmountable. I feel confident that the end results of this school year will justify the means and will be the foundation of many a successful career.

A. Hildebrand, Principal

UN REPORT

From July 10 to July 14 last summer, Dolores Braun, a present Grade XII student, attended the annual UN Seminar at Brandon and brought back this excerpt:

"The United Nations was born in the fervent desire of mankind to eliminate war and to build for a better world. It is the nearest approach to a world parliament history has ever known.

In this second decade of service to humanity, the United Nations has come a long way. One-hundred-and-one nations are now members. The sincerity of the pledges made in accepting membership has been tested upon many occasions. The overall score has not been perfect but the achievements have been great."

VALEDICTORY

This ceremony tonight is bringing to a formal close the secondary education of the graduating class. All through grade school the idea of high school and graduation seemed vague and very much in the future. We used to think that in Grade Eight we would know quite a lot; but we realized then, five years ago, that there was still a lot left to learn in high school. Now that is past and we are to take our places in the community and the world. Will we meet the requirements? This question is uppermost in our minds now.

School has been a pleasant and enjoyable experience for all of us. Sometimes we were disappointed and angry at our teachers and did not co-operate with them. The experiences which we will remember, however, are the happy ones. In particular we will remember the lasting friendships which we formed way back in grade school. The memories of the fun we had with these friends is indelibly impressed on our minds.

The most lasting memories are of experiences which we have had since Grade Nine. I'm sure none of us will ever forget any of the teachers we have had. All have left an impression on our minds and lives. These last years also hold memories of sports, such as basketball or curling. No one--either players, cheerleaders, or spectators--will forget the excitement of the close games. High school also holds memories of dramatic election campaigns, of fun-filled initiation parties, Christmas banquets, carol concerts, silver teas, and of course, numerous examinations. All this was carried on under the direction and sometimes enthusiastic support of the staff. These pleasant memories and many others are with us to stay. It has been through the tireless efforts of teachers, parents, and trustees that our years at school have been so enjoyable. We will always be grateful for this. For them it is a regard to see this whole graduating class in some phase of higher learning. Five of the nine are at the University; one is in nurses training, two are at Bible College, one is training to become a lab technician. This is indeed an accomplishment. Then there are the others who are not graduating but still hold important jobs in the community. This too, is an achievement.

High school life instilled initiative and leadership qualities into us, the students. Under our democratic system of self-government, the students' own ideas had a chance to flourish. It is our sincere wish that the future students of Altona Collegiate will enjoy these same privileges. It is here that the men and

women of the future are molded. The freedom they are allowed now will do much to "control" their actions later. To the undergraduates I wish high school years as pleasant and fruitful as ours were; do your part to build the reputation of the school, as students have in the past.

Now we are to step out into a new world. We are young, eager, and full of cherished dreams and ambitions, not yet disillusioned by our brief taste of it. But in this age when even the great leaders are alarmed at the prevalent situation in the world, when more and more powerful nuclear weapons are being invented for the destruction of mankind, it may not be long before all our dreams are shattered and the hand of realism grips us too. One of our teachers used to say, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!" But, as Shakespeare says, "God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet." With these words in mind, we set out "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

--Darlene Siemens

GRADUATION

Nine students made up the graduating group for the grade XII class of 1960-61. Out of thirty-two enrolled, nine followed through to the finish line.

In 1949, when these students started their public school training, there were fifty-one students enrolled in the two grade one classes. Only five of the graduates were present in the original group. When these students were in grade ten, the number had dropped to 42. The following year, saw many non-resident students come in. Two grade eleven classes were in operation with a total of forty-eight students.

Each graduate received a diploma that was designed similarly to the ones given by the University of Manitoba. The wording on it indicated that the recipient has not only taken but also passed grade twelve Senior Matriculation. The padded cover was finished in the school colors, a green background with gold lettering and gold school crest.

During the past school year the "grads" have contributed greatly to the activities of the school. This year they are all continuing their training at some other institution in Manitoba.

--Wallace Hama, XII

THE PAKISTANIAN

One of our chemistry classes last week took a strange "twist." Our discussion of nitrates and molecules changed to one of nations and oddly enough, marriages. This deviation from the norm was caused by the appearance of a small, bearded, young man from Pakistan in our classroom. Soon after we were introduced to Ahmad Siddiqi of the Manjhipur High School for boys, and told to ask questions, we proceeded to (pump?) from our bearded friend all the information we could.

From him we learned that the religion of his country prohibits all smoking, drinking, and dancing. We learned that our Grade Eleven is equivalent to their Grade Ten and, for those who were thinking about emigration, that a coke costs 4¢ in Pakistan.

When the topic of discussion shifted to more general grounds (politics and customs), Mr. Siddiqi quite diplomatically stated that his country is entirely free of any Russian attachments, is receiving aid from the United States, and is not even considering the possibility of a third World War. All this we accepted matter-of-factly. But, when marriage traditions and customs were brought up, and we learned that the men are required to wait till the prime old age of 22 before marriage, whereas the women mate at 16, there was indignation (especially among the nesting type) in the class.

When asked about belief in a Supreme Being, Mr. Siddiqi stated: "We worship the same God, only giving him a different name." Christmas, a festive season called "Eid," he stated, is held at a different time each year. It is preceded by a thirty-day fast, during which no food is eaten during the daylight hours.

As the discussion continued, we asked him to describe his life in the Asian country. This he did quite happily, and proceeded to tell us about the climate he lived in--"Sometimes the temperature goes down as low as 100 degrees in the shade"--about his home in Quetta (from which he commutes to his school in nearby Manjhipur) and his family, which he will not see for eight months.

A general statement by Mr. Siddiqi about his native country was: "In spite of all differences in provinces, we are ruled by one government and belong to one nation."

I have enjoyed my visit to
Altonia Collegiate Institute. It was a
pleasure to meet the members of staff
and students and reply the questions
by the students, which were interesting.

I wish good luck to all.

الطمانہ انسٹی ٹیوٹ دیکھ کر طبیعت خوش ہوئی ۔

اساتذہ اور طلباء کا سکوک بہت عمدہ تھا ۔

طلباء کے سوالات دلچسپ تھے ۔

میرزا ذوالکرم
۱۹۴۱ء

Shuad
7.12.61

THE STAFF



Mr. Hildebrand

Although Mr. Hildebrand has been our principal for more than three months, we know comparatively little about him. We know, however, that he has principles, that his smiles are rare, but pleasant, and that he does all in his power to "make Physics fizz." We know that he is perseverant, for he will explain a problem repeatedly if any student is still "in the dark." We know also (very definitely) that homework comes in great abundance with Mr. Hildebrand. But--that is all part of "making Physics fizz."

Mr. Loewen

Mr. Loewen is the co-sponsor of the I.S.C.F. He is often seen with a smile on his face although one day we did hear a fist come into contact with the top of a desk and a voice very like Mr. Loewen's saying: "I want you people to stop talking." He is a member of the Southern Manitoba Community Choir. Mr. Loewen was also the excellant coach of the girls' football team. He is well-known only to the grade nines.



Mr. Friesen

Mr. Friesen spends his noon hours walking down the halls, whistling a merry tune. He frequently comes out of the lunch room carrying a pepsi--strictly pepsi. Once he was caught in the act of playing "Mary had a Little Lamb" on the piano in the auditorium. His favourite expression is: "From the ridiculous to the sublime." He is a Grade IX teacher and is not well known to the other high school students.



Mr. Heide

If any student were asked what he appreciated most in Mr. Heide, he would probably answer (if he were honest), "His dry sense of humour." If such a thing as making History enjoyable is impossible, then Mr. Heide certainly does the impossible sometimes. His sense of humour, however, is always very well under control (or not there at all) when assignments are not done. Chemistry experiments are not as dull as they might be, and the history of early Canada becomes interesting, if not always highly exciting.

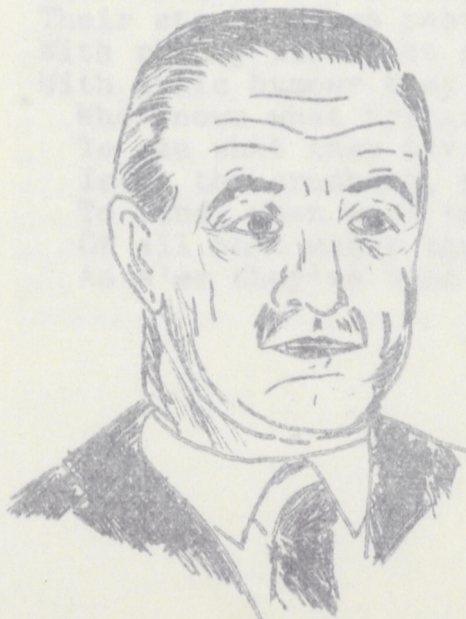
Mr. Braun

If, when walking along the halls of the Collegiate, you pass a classroom where there is complete silence, save for the deep voice of someone reading poetry--you know that's Mr. Braun. His speciality--making people think. His desire--to make students realize the importance of Grammar. Sometimes, watching that contagious grin of his replaced by a frown which has the power to make anyone tremble, we wonder about this artistic man whom we are fortunate enough to have in our Collegiate. The students are of one opinion--we couldn't do without him.



Mr. Goertzen

Mr. Goertzen is one of those people who have the ability to make you believe that $2x + 5y = 100z$. He can also unravel some of the tangles in German grammar. Most of the time he is very serious, but sometimes (mainly on Friday afternoons) he comes up with a dry joke. He is the sponsor of the I.S.C.F. group, and in September, he was coach for the volleyball team. It is noteworthy that no one is ever idle during Mathematics periods.



LITERARY

"Dull, or dirty, or vindictive minds, seek security from the educative process in thought--raid shelters into which they would drag their fellows in fear. Within the confines of such rules and regulations, they deprive thought of the very means of light and life. A pattern of conformity is hardly worth communicating or worthy of the name of education, but fleeting glimpses of the foreground from which patterns came and horizons to which they lead are worth cultivating even in the dull. Literacy should lead eventually to useful learning and perhaps even to creative thinking about language."

--B. C. Diltz

Dean, Ontario college of Education

FALL FAIR, 1961

The thousands came from far and wide to see
The pretense-filled and glamour-gutted show;
They flocked in hordes of blue-jeaned suppleness,
And stared--these farmers soon to be.
There too were seen the older slower folk,
Their strong years past, their hopes now memories,
With rheumy lids that shielded all they knew,
With cynic humour they still found time to joke.
Who knows what brings them back each year
To see what they have seen so oft before,
Is it the crushing, bruising need and fear
To find, when with their peers, oh, so much more
Of all that makes their meagre lives as full
As e'er they've been? Soon shuts for them Life's door.

--Albert G. Braun

Advisor to the Collegian

MENTAL HANDICAPS

When one thinks of handicaps, one ordinarily thinks of physical handicaps, such as sightlessness or the loss of a limb. To me, however, lack of confidence and an overpowering shyness are just as much of a handicap as those of the body. Unless you are content to remain in your cocoon of fear and loneliness, you must make an effort to overcome these mental handicaps. Instead of hanging on the fringe of the crowd, you must force yourself to join in the group with a friendly outgoing attitude. Your interest and friendliness toward others will promote a wave of interest and friendliness in return. A shy person who has conquered his handicap has gained from it; he has gained confidence and the realization of his capabilities. Therefore, it would be quite safe to say that a handicap is sometimes a blessing in disguise.

--Beverley Porter, XI

A STRANGE INCIDENT

It was the busy evening rush hour when weary workers were on their way home. I got onto a bus and seated myself close to the driver. The seat opposite mine, was vacant until a small boy wearing dirty, tattered clothing got on. He was carrying a bedraggled puppy whose shaggy hair were matted thickly with caked mud and who was whining pitifully. Coming to the next bus stop, a tall, stern-looking man, in work clothes, stepped into the already filled vehicle. Although stern in manner, I saw the man pause and chat with the small boy. He asked the boy what he was going to do with his small pet. To this the boy replied, "My puppy is sick and I wanted to take him to the veterinarian. But my daddy has no money and told me to take him to the humane society." The man convinced the listening passenger that this was a shame. Wouldn't they be so kind as to take up a collection for the puppy's care. Immediately all were willing and out came the thin worn wallets, which produced small, odd change. A few days later I was again sitting on the bus when the same shabby youngster got on, followed by the identical tall, rugged, stern-looking man. The same incident followed.

--Joyce Wiebe, XI

--Elizabeth Falk, XII

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WHAT'S LEFT OF MY STORY

This morning, the scene outside my classroom window is one of a world covered with hoar frost. The mid-morning sun is shining out of a slate gray sky. Two warmly bundled tots have just come out of one of the houses along the street to play on the fair grounds. A few minutes ago, I saw their muffled outlines behind a mesh structure on the grounds which was covered with frost. One of them slapped his mittened hand against the wiring and I could see them clearly. But life isn't like that; perhaps eternity will be.

Life is but a restless striving to see through the frosted wiring. You strive to understand yourself, you strive for completion, you strive to be sincere, to be unselfish--and you never get there. Life goes on. Triumphs are transitory. One victory always leads to another struggle. For a while you find satisfaction in the hoardings of truth that you have gleaned from life. Then you sit down and you try to write down what you have finally decided life is all about. But you can't. At that very moment there are feelings within you which you can't understand. Sometimes it's like a nightmare--you can't move; you see the "untravell'd world" before you, but its margin keeps fading. Human powers are limited and there are times when you have to stand still. You try to write a story and it falls flat. You see nature like it is today, and you don't even try to describe it. It becomes a part of you, a part of that being in yourself which you can't understand.

There are days when you feel as if you are bound. You have no way of expressing yourself or of communicating your thoughts to your fellowmen. Words are but man-made. And yet they try--try as I have been trying this weekend to create some small image of life.

Is there ever a time in life when human limitations fall away and the soul is free? Perhaps it is only through death that we can drop this yoke of human bondage. Will death then allow us to understand ourselves?

Since the human form is not immortal, perhaps we will not wonder about these things in eternity anymore.

* * *

What is this all about? Perhaps I have become too involved in Mathematics. On second thought I think that I ought to get involved.

--Elizabeth Falk, XII

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BOYS

We have many boys in this world. They come in all shapes, sizes, and characters. They have many oddities, some of which are silly. However, nobody could get along without boys.

"Ladies first" used to be a saying which, in our school seems to have gone out of style and is most certainly not a current fad. For example, when we go to the school laboratory, the boys crowd into it and grab the most strategic observation places. We girls do not mind coming in last, but it is embarrassing when other people get the impression that the school is made up entirely of ungentlemanly boys. As we all know, we shouldn't judge by the majority.

Then up comes the subject of the opposite sex--girls. A boy's asking a girl for a date is really very amusing. The boy with a little experience breezes through the whole ordeal easily. The others, however, stutter, blush, tremble, chew their lips, and finally come out with the fatal question. Why a boy is so scared, I am sure I will never find out. Surely we girls cannot be that bad or forbidding.

Boys' conceit is really something to marvel at. In classroom discussions, the boys, in their opinions, do everything much better than the girls. Really they know they are wrong, but they would never admit it. That might hurt their pride and would never do.

Do boys have no other interests than sports? Listening to them talk, one would think so. Missing out on any sport would be a catastrophe. Basketball, rugby, and baseball take up most of their spare time. The older ones somehow fit a date with a girl into their crowded schedule. No matter what, they never get tired of sport.

Nonetheless, boys, despite their oddities, are wonderful. Sometimes they think and act like children, but at other times they prove worthy of all praise they ever received.

If I have offended anyone, please cry on mother's shoulders, but by all means don't come to me. Of course, I could lend you some Kleenex, if it becomes a necessity.

--Marjorie Thiessen, X

INDIAN SUMMER

Just before the world sheds its beauty for the long cold winter, there comes a last, lingering touch of summer. Indian summer is the time in autumn when the world clothes itself in glory as if to show all its beauty before winter comes in. During this brief time the world changes from its gay summer green to a magnificent array of bright colours.

Autumn, with Indian summer, seems to be a season all by itself. The world is alive with the sound of crackling leaves and the smell of pine and smoke. As we walk along the lanes and streets, the leaves fall gently downward and autumn surrounds us on every hand.

After many cool days and freezing nights, we feel that winter is almost upon us. It is at this time that the sun begins to shine, the birds begin to sing, and once more it feels as though summer is back in a more glorious raiment.

I like Indian summer because of the gay, stimulating colours. The trees dress themselves in gay cloaks of crimson, yellow, russet, gold, and brown. The sky overhead is a sea of blue, and billowy white clouds float lazily by. The sunset is a brilliant splash of colour.

I also like Indian summer for its wonderful smells and sounds. The smell of burning leaves is a wonderful characteristic of fall. The sounds of the birds and of happy children fall upon the ear. Another pleasant sound is the noise of the rustling leaves as the wind passes through them.

I like Indian summer because of the warm beautiful weather and the lovely days which come before the cold winter. Indian summer is a lovely time of year, a season which everyone enjoys and waits for, every autumn.

--Margaret Loewen, IX

NOISES

One day this fall I lay on a pile of leaves I had raked, listening to the noises all around me. A cheerful bird twittered merrily. A car zoomed by and I knew its muffler was missing. I could hear some boys hammering on their tree house in the back yard. A squadron of honking, wild ducks flew across my field of vision. I heard the chatter of school girls, each in their own little clique, as they passed by. A jet zigzagged across the sky and the roar of its engines was audible. I heard the rustle of feet coming through the leaves and my bushy dog ambled up and tried to lick my face. I laughed, got up and went in to supper.

--Dorothy Howe, VIII

--Sharon Forter

TANGLED WEB OF AMBITIONS

Everyone has future ambitions. Mine have been mutilated, bisected, and literally torn into little pieces. My father says that I will become a career girl, set down a regular routine for myself, and live by my own rules. Mother says that I would make a wonderful nurse--comforting the sick, assisting in operations, and--that's when I make my humble exit. One day, during a discussion, I suggested rather sharply to my father that if he was so fond of the idea, why didn't he go in for nursing? This time I did not leave the room of my own accord. Sometimes I do make a feeble protest, but it is usually snuffed out by my father's deep-throated advice. He tells me that I may not appreciate what is being done for me at present, but that one day, that is, "when I am a career girl or a nurse," I will see that what was done, was done for my own good. At this point a nauseating feeling rises in my throat and I feel like an animal trapped in a sound-proof cage. On one occasion, when I did manage to squeeze a few words into the discussion, and vaguely suggested that it might be interesting to study law, the youngest member of the family jumped to a horrid conclusion. Yes! you might have guessed. I was a lawyer for two full months, and even dreamed I was handling cases in court. Horrors! The present scene is just too full of ambitions. But, no matter, the decision will, in the end, be mine.

--Rose Loeppky, XI

ON ORAL BOOK REPORTS

Caught! Trapped like a rat in a cage.

Desperately, eyes turning,

Seeking a means of escape.

Nothing!

The road is blocked.

Stay, smile, face the world square.

There is nothing to be done

Except a heart broken, here and there.

Your hand shakes,

Your voice breaks,

Your stature seems to wither away.

What is it?--Oh, I see,

Trouble for you and me.

What's to be done? Nothing.

What do we do? Smile,

Laugh, and act gay

As though nothing had gone astray,

But we know it has--you and I--

From that determined look in his eye.

--Sharon Porter

A BABY'S POINT OF VIEW

A baby may have a far different point of view on life than grown-ups. They think words have just a certain meaning and no other possibilities. Babies look at things from a much lower point of view, namely the floor. They may give certain items different names which suit their tongues the best. It is really very likely that babies think completely differently than grown-ups and also in different word terms.

I remember crawling around on the floor as a baby. One day I spotted a yellow light on the floor and so I crawled into the middle of it. It was warm so I jumped to the brilliant conclusion that it was my personal heater. At that moment I saw a nose bobbing towards me and I weighed some facts. "Human," I thought. "By the twist, the size of the nose holes, and the outward projection, that ought to be my mother." I was looking at the world from a baby's point of view.

One day I pulled a lamp down from what I thought was a precarious perch. I was only going to do the lamp a good turn by bringing it down to a lower, and safer level, but the lamp decided to break up into little pieces instead of joining me peacefully. The lamp made a loud noise, which brought my mother on the run, and a spanking ensued. I was just doing the lamp a favour, but instead of being appreciative, it told mother to give me a spanking.

So you see how different a baby's point of view is from a grown-up's. I thought a sunbeam was a personal heater and I recognized my mother, father, and any other person by his or her nose. I also tried doing a favour and wound up getting spanked, but I'm not the only baby with misfortunes. I see it happen every day. When a baby does something he thinks is good, he gets reprimanded sternly. Babies just cannot see things in the same way grown-ups see them, but babies still get reprimanded. Oh, well, I suppose babies will always have to struggle through that time of life.

--Johnny Wiebe, X

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Special thanks to Carol Pokrant, Theresa Villeneuve, Elizabeth Falk, Janice Hamm, and Beverly Porter, who helped in the designing of a cover for the Collegian. The cover, which was chosen by the students, is one designed by Elizabeth Falk. Sketches of teachers were done by Janice Hamm.

SOCIAL.

A FROSH LOOKS AT INITIATION

We Freshies were anxiously awaiting the evening of October 31st. This was the night we were to be initiated--to be accepted by our fellow students! The grapevine was buzzing a week ahead of time about the matters concerning Initiation. The afternoon before the social, Wallace Hamm issued the command, "All Freshies must come in costume. Wash your feet before you come and wear clean socks." This announcement naturally made us Freshies dubious and confused. It was quite in order to come in a costume, but what should we wash our feet for? Finally the inevitable night arrived. All Freshies appeared in costumes--some fancy, some comical, some original. The treacherous evening tired us. Many of us would have liked to do a disappearing act rather than go through with this ordeal. Many of us would have done it, if we hadn't been afraid of the consequences. Soon began the real torture! Selected individuals had to walk barefoot on eggs, write on the blackboard with chalk between their toes, roll eggs or onions across the auditorium. It wasn't too bad putting your nose to the ground, but the thought of breaking that egg or smelling those repulsive onions made the task much more difficult. Being blindfolded gave one the feeling of utter helplessness. Some Freshies were really taken unawares when someone burst the balloons they were holding over their heads, and they were drenched with the water the balloons had contained. Others were given a sticky liquid which they had to feed each other while blindfolded. After many such trials, Initiation finally came to an end--much to the relief of the Freshies. We were now truly students of the Green and Gold!

--Alvina Beckert, XI

I. S. C. F. REPORT

Inter-School Christian Fellowship, generally referred to as I. S. C. F., is an inter-denominational Christian student movement regardless of race, creed, or colour. It is a world-wide organization which has been in existence for many years. The theme or motto of I. S. C. F. is "To know Christ and to make Him known," that is, to draw Christians closer to this faith and to tell others about it. Through all the activities of I. S. C. F., we try to fulfill these purposes.

So far this year we have done so successfully. Seeing our main emphasis at I. S. C. F. is on the study of the Bible we have done just that. Out of our seven meetings we have been able to have four Bible studies. At two of these, Rev. Gerbrandt and Rev. Denison spoke to us concerning certain passages of the Bible. The other two were led by some of our own members.

We also had two socials. The first one, a "getting acquainted social," was held in our school and the other, a "Hallowe'en social", was held in a barn northwest of Altona.

On November 21st we had a "question box" night, when questions asked by the students and Mr. Frank Epp had answers to enlighten our "troubled minds."

We, the I. S. C. F. executive, would like to take this opportunity of inviting every high school student to our weekly meetings.

* * *

President - Joe Braun

Vice-president - Gerald Gerbrandt

Secretary-treasurer - Dauna Funk

Social Convener - Marjorie Janzen

Publicity Manager - Eric Friesen

Grade Nine Representative - Terrance Loewen

Sponsors - Mr. Goertzen

- Mr. Loewen

CAMPAIGNING AND ELECTIONS

Oh, where is a cure for the jitters? To the candidates of the three highest positions in the student council, this question was of utmost importance! To calm their fears, various ideas were suggested: breathe deeply and speak slowly. Many of the future officials were tempted to turn back, but they were spurred on by the teachers and their shaming talks about the lack of school spirit in the Altona Collegiate. The excitement was not confined to the candidates alone, however. The candidates commanded the help of various students to make posters to be used to intimidate the voters. This propaganda was plastered on the walls of the classrooms, doors, and in the halls. On the day of judgement, the efforts of the campaign managers were raised to fever pitch. It was not difficult to distinguish the faces of the candidates from the other students. You simply looked for the grey faces, with the wild, desperate eyes. A few minutes before the bell rang, calling the candidates to the auditorium, these poor unfortunates could be seen in the washroom, applying lipstick, or trying to find someone to take their place. Finally the bell rang and the candidates lined up on the stage with their nominations. As you looked along the line of anxious faces, you found there was only one boy, one single boy in that whole line up. Earlier, while the candidates were taking their places on the stage, one empty chair remained. The owner of this spot was seen peeking bashfully around the corner of the auditorium door, reluctant to join the ladies. This hesitant character, Raymond Hoepfner, was to be the successor to the throne of the Vice President.

The speeches had all been carefully prepared. Some were humorous and some deadly serious. Rose Loepky's speech introducing her nominee for Vice President was delivered in earnest, but Earl Dick, in the back row, provided comic relief as he counted on his fingers with exaggerated actions the attributes of Ray, as they were mentioned by Rose. This brought an angry flush and a glint to the eye of the speaker, that gave her delivery a certain air of conviction which was acclaimed by a spontaneous roar of approval.

Magdalene Falk, candidate for presidency, had, for the purpose of relieving the tension, included a well-chosen anecdote. However, Magdalene did not alleviate the air of tension herself, and although the audience thought the allusions were funny, we were not sure Magdalene did. She lost out gamely to Rita Kehler for the Presidency.

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THE JEUNESSE MUSICALE

When I was elected into the committee for the Jeunesse Musicale, I was not quite sure what it was all about or what was expected of me.

The idea of having a Musicale was brought up in council several times near the end of October and after elections Leona Hildebrand and I were informed that we were in the committee of this Musicale. Winkler was, at the same time, also electing two candidates for this committee. Plum Coulee was unable to find two candidates so they dropped out.

A meeting was called for November 8th at C.F.A.M.. The two candidates from Winkler were to have arrived at 8 p.m.. At 8:45, however, they had not yet arrived so Leona and I were allowed to go home. During those forty-five minutes I learned what it was all about.

Terry Thompson, who is directing this venture in this area (Winkler and Altona), told us that we could be expecting a violinist to entertain us for the evening of January 9th, 1962. Our duty was to organize this evening, ask people to attend, get everybody interested, sell tickets, and plan the reception for the entertainer. We were asked to find out how much the auditorium would cost us for an evening and to make sure the auditorium was kept open for this Musicale. We were also asked to get another candidate and Winkler was to do the same. This was because Plum Coulee had dropped out and more candidates were needed to make a committee.

The Jeunesse Musicale is a musical organization for young people. It is a recent development in Canada which helps young people understand and appreciate good music. It was a desire that such an organization be started in southern Manitoba, but to be a success there must be enthusiasm and interest among the young people, particularly among the students.

You will, I am sure, hear more about it when plans have been finished. We hope that you will keep January 9th open for this evening of entertainment. I am sure it will be very enjoyable.

--Susie Teichroeb, XII

The annual candlelight carol service of the Altona Collegiate will be held on December 15th at 8:00 p.m. in the Altona Bergthaler Church. The Collegiate choir will again present "The Miracle of Bethlehem," a cantata by John M. Rasely, in addition to several well-known carols.

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A meeting was called for November 8th at 6 P.M.. The two candidates from Winkler were to have arrived at 8 P.M.. At 8:15, however, they had not yet arrived so Leona and I were allowed to go home. During those forty-five minutes I learned what it was all about.

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SPORTS

The football season here is over long ago, but here is some news on football of this year. Our league consisted of Morden, Winkler, Plum Coulee, and Altona. Plum Coulee finished in first place, Morden is second, Winkler in third, and Altona in last place. Although we failed to win a league game, we won one of the exhibition games, which were with Pilot Mound and Rosenfeld. We won our game with Rosenfeld by a score of 58 to 0.

Even though our winning ability seemed rather limited, our spirits were always high and at the end of a game we said, "Oh, well, we'll win the next one." We never did, of course, but we always put forth a big effort and sometimes managed to have a tie game at the end of the half. But then, in the second half, the opposition always surged ahead.

We had many good players and should have won some of our games, but, "Man, they're big!" Our regular players on offence were: quarterbacks, Earl Dick and Joe Braun; halfbacks, Barry Braun, Gerald Gerbrandt, and Ken Loeppky; fullbacks, Abe Doerksen and Lawrence Kehler; ends, Harry Friesen, Pete Wiebe, and Jerry Remple (for a while); and linemen, Lloyd Penner, Rodney Stoesz, Albert Hildebrand, Ed Sawatzky, Walter Toews, Walter Reimer, and Henry Dyck. All of our offensive players played on defence sometime or another. Danny Siemens was very good at interior linebacker, and Clifford Kehler also gave us some help in the linebacker spot. Our coach was Mr. Heide.

All in all, I think our players enjoyed playing very much, even though we couldn't win a game.

The basketball season is now underway. Both the boys and the girls won their first game against Morden, the boys winning theirs by a score of about 34 to 23. The boys' game was close all the way, although Morden never got ahead of Altona throughout the game. This game had both teams fouling many times--Morden 14 and Altona 8.

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In the second game the boys ran into some trouble. In the first half it was all Winkler. However, in the second half Altona held an edge in play but it was not enough to win the game for them. At the end the scoreboard read: Winkler 34, Altona 22. The girls again won their game.

The boys also played an exhibition game with Gretna M. C. I.. For a while it looked like Gretna would win, but in the second half the Altona Aces started to click. They won the game by a score of 43 to 30. The coaches for the boys are Mr. Jim Hamm and Mr. John Friesen. Mr. Peter Janzen coaches the girls.

--Pete Wiebe, XI

* * *

The Red River Valley Basketball League consists of teams from Morden, Winkler, Morris, Altona, and Lowe Farm. Last year was terrific. Without a single loss the Altona girls topped the league and were proud to represent Southern Manitoba in the Manitoba Playdowns in Winnipeg during the Easter holidays.

Competition in the league this season has greatly increased, due to the loss of such former stalwarts on the Acettes "undefeatable five" as Elfrieda Braun, Darlene Siemens, and Carol Dick. Although this year has just begun, it has already been marred by one loss. Team spirit, however, remains high, and the girls hope to complete the entire season without another loss.

The first game played against Morden was easily won by a score of 42 to 3. The second game played at Winkler proved to be more of a challenge and was only won by two points. The most exciting game of the season thus far was played in our own gymnasium on Friday, December 1st. The Morris girls proved that the "undefeatable five" can be defeated. The game was fast from the first jump ball until the final whistle. And ended in a score of 28 to 25 in favour of Morris.

This loss was met by good sportsmanship and has only helped to increase team spirit and put new life into the team's practises. With the help of the cheerleaders, the Green and Gold hopes to top the league with seven wins and only one loss.

--Esther Toews, XII

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ALTONA, MANITOBA

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

A co-operative is a union of persons to supply themselves with goods and services at cost.

A joint stock corporation is a union of capital as an investment to earn a profit.

In a co-operative a member has one vote and no more regardless of the number of shares he may hold.

In a joint stock corporation control by the individual is determined by the number of shares he holds.

In a co-operative the surplus is divided among the members in proportion to the amount of business each does with the co-operative, except where a limited interest on capital is paid.

In a joint stock corporation the surplus is divided among the share holders on the basis of the number of shares held.

In a co-operative the savings made on the local, regional, national or international level return to the member in his local community in the proportion that he uses these facilities.

In a joint stock corporation, profits made at the local, regional, national or international level does not return to the community as a rule but flows into the hands of the large investors in financial centres.

The Co-operative is organized to do business with its members; buyers and sellers constitute one body and are identical.

The joint stock company does business in a general way with the public; the buyers and sellers (the parties to the business transactions) are distinct and different.

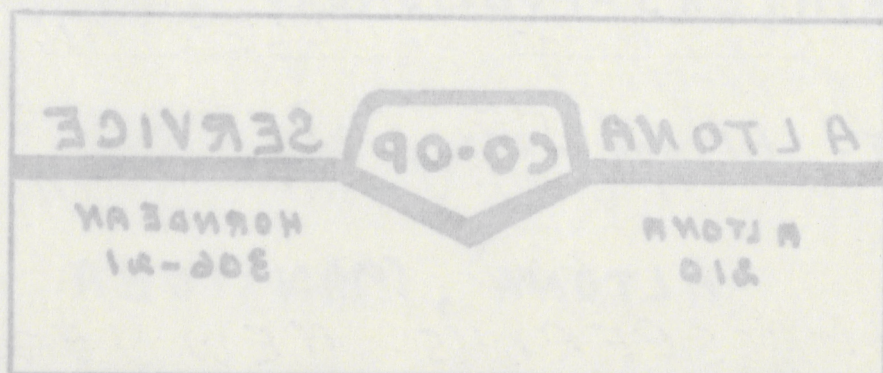
The business is organized and conducted as a mutual service for the benefit of the members and not for the benefit of the co-operative as a legal entity.

Business is done for the express purpose of realizing the trading profit which become the property of the corporation.



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